॥महिषासुरमर्दिनिस्तोत्रम्॥

Mahishasuramardini stotram

(English translation by S.N.Sastri)

Mahishasuramardini stotram is based on Devi mahatmyam in which Devi takes the forms of Durga, Lakshmi and Sarasvati to slay Madhu and Kaitabha, Mahishasura, and Sumbha and Nisumbha respectively. This stotra is said to have been composed by Ramakrishna Kavi about whom no details are available.

अयि गिरिनन्दिनि नन्दितमेदिनि विश्वविनोदिनि नन्दिनुते
गिरिवरविन्ध्यशिरोधिनिवासिनि विष्णुविलासिनि जिष्णुनुते।
भगवति हे शितिकण्ठकुटुम्बिनि भूरिकुटुम्बिनि भूतकृते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१

1. O Daughter of the Mountain, who delight the earth, who make the whole universe enjoy, who are praised by Nandikesvara, who dwell on the summit of the king of mountains, the Vindhyas, who took the form of the consort of Vishnu (as Lakshmi), who are praised by Indra, O consort of Siva (the blue-necked), who have innumerable families, who are the Creatrix of the whole universe, who slew the demon Mahisha, who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

सुरवरहर्षिणि दुर्धरधर्षिणि दुर्मुखमर्षिणि हर्षरते
त्रभुवनपोषिणि शंकरतोषिणि कल्मषमोषिणि घोषरते ।
दनुजनिरोषिणि दुर्मदरोषिणि दुर्दमशोषिणि सिन्धुसुते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥२

2. O Daughter of the Mountain, who delight Indra, who crushed the demon Durdhara, who subdued Durmukha, who are immersed in bliss, who nourish all the three worlds, who make Sankara happy, who remove all sins, who delight in celebration, who are angry with Asuras, who destroy evil pride, who destroyed the demon Durdama, who was born as the daughter of the ocean (as Lakshmi), who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

अयि जगदम्ब कदम्बवनप्रियवासिनि वासिनि हासरते
शिखरिशिरोमणितुङ्गहिमालयशृङ्गनिजालयमध्यगते ।
मधुमधुरे मधुकैटभभञ्जिनि कैटभभञ्जिनि रासरते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥३

3. O Mother of the universe, who enjoy dwelling in Kadambavana, who is anointed with perfume, who sport a gentle smile, who dwell in Your abode on the peak of the lofty Himalaya mountain, the crest-jewel among

mountains, who enjoy the sweetness of honey, who slew Madhu and Kaitabha, who destroy all sins, who delight in the Raasa dance, who crushed Mahishasura, who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

अयि निजहुंकृतिमात्रनिराकृतधूम्रविलोचनधूम्रशते
समरविशोषितशोणितबीजसमुद्भवशोणितबीजशते ।
शिव! शिव! शुम्भनिशुम्भमहाहवदर्पितभूतपिशाचपते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥४

4. You who eliminated Dhoomralochana and hundreds of Dhoomras by a mere 'humkaara', who slew in battle numerous Raktabijas who rose up from the blood of Raktabija who was weakened in the fight, and, wonder of wonders, who slew in a mighty battle Sumbha, Nisumbha, and the arrogant leaders of the ghosts, who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

अयि शतखण्डविखण्डितरुण्डवितुण्डितशुण्डगजाधिपते
रिपुगजगण्डविदारणचण्डपराक्रमशौण्डमृगाधिपते ।
निजभुजदण्डनिपातितचण्डविपाटितभण्डभटाधिपते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥५

5. You who cut down with the weapon known as 'Satakhanda' the heads and trunks of mighty elephants, whose mount is the powerful lion which killed the elephants of the enemy with severe blows on their necks, who killed the ferocious generals of the army of Bhandasura with blows by your hand, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

धनुरनुषङ्गरणक्षणसङ्गपरिस्फुरदङ्गरणत्कटके
कनकपिशङ्गलसत्कटिसङ्गरसद्रवशृङ्गहतावटुके ।
कृतचतुरङ्गबलक्षितिरङ्गघटद्बहिरङ्गरटद्बहुके
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥६

6. You whose clinking bangles shine by contact with your body in the festival of the battle with bows, whose enemies are killed by blows on the back of their necks with the weapon known as 'Sringa' which is resplendent like gold and yellow in colour, and adorns your hip, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

अयि रणदुर्मदशत्रुवधोद्धुरदुर्धरनिर्भरशक्तिधुते
चतुरविचारधुरीणमहाशयदूतकृतप्रमथाधिपते ।
दुरितदुरीहदुराशयदुर्मददानवदूतदुरन्तगते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥७

7. O You whose might remains unbearable even after the burden has been removed by the slaying of arrogant enemies in battle, who made Siva Your messenger—Siva who is foremost in the art of discriminating between right and wrong, who slew the demon messenger who was sinful, cruel, and evil-minded, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

अयि शरणागतवैरिवधूवरवीरवराभयदायिकरे
त्रिभुवनमस्तकशूलविरोधिशिरोधिकृतामलशूलकरे ।
धिमिधिमितामरदुन्दुभिनादमुहुर्मुखरीकृतदिङ्निकरे
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥८

8. You whose hands gave protection and boons to the brave husbands of the women in the enemy's camp who surrendered themselves to You, who wield in Your hand for the slaying of enemies the sanctified trident which removes the sorrows of all the three worlds, who make the quarters resound with the divine musical instrument known as 'Dundubhi', You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

जय जय शब्द जयञ्जयशब्दपरिस्तुतितत्पर विश्वनुते
झणझणझिंझिमिझिंकृतनूपुरशिञ्जितमोचितभूतपते ।
नटितनटार्धनटीनटनायकनाटकनाटित नाट्यरेते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥९

9. You whose praises are sung by people ever eager to praise You with charming words like 'victory to You', who captivate even Siva, the Lord of all beings with the clinging sound of Your anklets, who are fond of dancing with Siva in the sport in which He dances as Ardhanareeswara, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

अयि सुमनस्सुमनस्सुमनस्सुमनसुमनोरमकान्तियुते
श्रितरजनीरजनीरजनीरजनीरजनीकरवक्त्रयुते ।
सुनयनविभ्रमरभ्रमरभ्रमरभ्रमरभ्रमराभिहते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१०

10. You who are supremely lustrous and decorated by the flowers in the form of the charming minds of the good, who shine like the moon for the lotuses in a lotus-pond, the movement of whose charming eyes gives the impression of hovering bees, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

महितमहाहवमल्लमतल्लिकवल्लितरल्लितभल्लिरते
विरचित वल्लिकपल्लिकमल्लिकझिल्लिकभिल्लिकवर्गवृते ।
श्रुतकृतफुल्लसमुल्लसितारुणतल्लजपल्लवसल्ललिते

जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥११

11. You who are fond of the sport in the form of a mighty battle against groups of mighty warriors, who are surrounded by hunters who build their huts with creepers and forest tribes known as Mallikas, Jhillikas and Bhillikas, whose body is soft like the beautiful tender red leaf, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

अविरलगण्डगलन्मदमेदुरमत्तमतंगजराजगते
त्रिभुवनभूषणभूतकलानिधिरूपपयोनिधिराजसुते ।
अयि सुदतीजनलालसमानसमोहनमन्मथराजमते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१२

12. You whose gait is like that of a well-nourished lordly elephant in rut along whose cheeks there is an abundant flow of ichor, You who took the form of Goddess Lakshmi, the daughter of the ocean of milk which is the place of origin of the moon which is the eternal ornament of the three worlds, who captivate even Manmatha who captivates the minds of beautiful women full of desire, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

कमलदलामलकोमलकान्तिबलाकलितातुलफालतले
सकलविलासकलानिलयक्रमकेलिकलत्कलहंसकुले ।
अलिकुलसंकुलकुन्तलमण्डलमौलिमिलद्बकुलालिकुले
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते १३

13. O You whose forehead is incomparable and is lustrous like a tender beautiful lotus petal, who are the repository of all kinds of dances and are like the gently cooing swan, in whose hair there is an array of bees, whose hair is adorned with a garland of beautiful flowers, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

कलमुरलीरववीजितकूजितलज्जितकोकिलमञ्जुमते
मिलितमिलिन्दमनोहरगुञ्जितराजतशैलनिकुञ्जगते ।
निजगणभूतमहाशबरीगणरंगणसंभृतकेलितते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१४

14. You who put to shame even the koel with the sweet tunes spreading out from Your flute, who move about among the creepers in the Kailasa mountain, who enjoy the dances of Your divine damsels and various other sports, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

कटितटपीतदुकूलविचित्रमयूखतिरस्कृतचन्द्ररुचे
प्रणतसुरासुरमौलिमणिस्फुरदंशुलसन्नखसान्द्ररुचे ।

जितकनकाचलमौलिपदोझ्झितदुर्धरनिर्झरतुङ्गकुचे
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१५

15. You set at nought even the splendour of the moon with the charm of your reddish body, black locks of hair and the yellow robe worn around the waist, whose toe-nails shine with the resplendence of the gems in the crowns of the gods and asuras who prostrate before You, whose high breasts quiver as if by the force of the torrents of water flowing down from the summits of the Meru mountain which was conquered by Lord Siva, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

विजितसहस्रकरैकसहस्रकरैकसहस्रकरैकनते
कृतसुरतारकसंगरतारकसंगरतारकसूनुनुते ।
सुरथसमानसमाधिसमानसमाधिसमानसजाप्यरते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१६

16. You who by Your splendour defeat even the sun with thousands of rays, You who are prostrated to by the sun god with his thousands of rays, You who were praised by the son of Tarakasura after that asura was killed by Your son Lord Subrahmanya in the battle between the gods and Tarakasura when the gods were defeated, You who were pleased with the chanting of mantras by the royal sage Suratha and the Vaisya named Samadhi who was himself like samadhi and who prayed for nirvikalpa samadhi, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

पदकमलं तरुणानिलये वरिवस्यति योऽनुदिनं सुशिवे
अयि कमले कमलानिलये कमलानिलयस्स कथं न भवेत् ।
तव पदमेव परं पदमित्यनुशीलयतो मम किं न शिवे
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१७

17. Whoever constantly worships Your lotus feet, You who are the abode of compassion and who are auspiciousness itself, he will certainly be endowed with all prosperity. O Goddess Parvati, I who always meditate on Your lotus feet looking upon them as my ultimate refuge will certainly get it. O Goddess Lakshmi, who bestow everything on devotees, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

कनकलसत्कलशीकजलैरनुषिञ्चति तेऽङ्गणरंगभुवं
भजति स किं नु शचीकुचकुम्भतटीपरिरम्भसुखानुभवम् ।
तव चरणं शरणं करवाणि मृडानि सदा मयि धेहि शिवं
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१८

18. Whoever sprinkles the sacred precincts of Your abode with water from a golden pot will attain the position of Indra by Your grace. O

consort of Lord Siva, I take refuge at Your holy feet. Deign to bless me with all prosperity, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

तव विमलेन्दुकलं वदनेन्दुमलं कलयन्ननुकूलयते
किमु पुरुहूतपुरेन्दुमुखी सुमुखीभिरसौ विमुखीक्रियते ।
मम तु मतं शिवमानधने भवती कृपया किमु न क्रियते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥१९

19. Whoever repeatedly meditates on Your divine face adorned by the crescent moon, will he ever be rejected by beautiful women like those in Indra's abode? O most valued treasure of Siva, why do You not fulfill my wishes, You who have charming locks of hair, O Daughter of the Mountain, hail unto You, hail unto You.

अयि मयि दीनदयालुतया कृपयैव तया भवितव्यमुमे
अयि जगतो जननीति जयाशु मयापि तथानुमितासि रमे ।
न यदुचितं न भवत्युररीकुरुतादुरुतापमपाकुरु मे
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥२०

20. O Goddess Uma, deign to bestow on me also Your compassion, You who are always inclined to shower compassion on the weak, O Goddess Rama, may You be hailed as the Mother of the universe. You are my mother also. I too am Your son. You may reject my prayer if it is not proper. Deign to remove my sorrow.

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